

An Agreeable
CRITICISM,
OF THE
City of *Paris* and the *French*;
Giving an ACCOUNT of their
Present State and Condition:

THEIR
Virtues and Vices. Their Academies. Their Dress,
Devotion, Levity. Their Women. Their Beg-
gars, Writers, Booksellers. Their Diversions.
Their Theatres. Their Gallantry, Language,
Entertainment of Strangers. Their Lawyers,
Pick-pockets, Physicians and Quacks. The Court,
the Great Men, the King and the Mob. The
Tuilleries, Lamps, Chymists, and Clergy. Their
Notions of things. Their Horses, Eating-houses,
Liveries. Their Conjugal Affection. Their Lux-
ury, Vanity, Civility, Garrulity. Their Courts of
Judicature. Their Invention, Affectation, La-
bour. Taverns. Climate. Trades-people. Fruit.
House-Rent. Taylors. Brokers. Fair of St.
Germain. Their Bridges, Buildings, &c. Po-
litical Calculations of the number of Houses,
Consumption of Food, &c.

*Being a Translation of an Italian LETTER, written lately from
Paris, by a Sicilian, to a Friend of his at Amsterdam.*

With further
REMARKS upon the **FRENCH**,
their Preachers, Authors, &c.

By a *French Gentleman*.

London printed, and sold by *Ben. Bragg*, at the *Blue-Ball* in
Avenary-lane. 1704. Price 1 Shilling.

CRITICISM.

Account of the
City of Paris and the
Count of the

146
179

A circular ink stamp from the British Museum. The outer ring contains the words 'BRITISH MUSEUM' in a serif font. In the center is the Royal Coat of Arms, which includes a shield supported by a lion and a unicorn, topped with a crown. A ribbon at the bottom of the coat of arms displays the motto 'DIEU ET MON DROIT'. The stamp is slightly faded and positioned in the upper right quadrant of the document.

An Agreeable

CRITICISM

Upon the

CITY of *PARIS*, &c.

My Friend,

IT is now almost half-a-score years that I've been at *Paris*, and yet do not well know the Town.

Do not believe that the Pleasures which are infinite in this *Great Babylon* have hindred me from informing my self; on the contrary, these same Pleasures are what have given me an extream desire to know it.

For so long a time I have had no occasion for a Physician, because I have had no Sickness. I should blush with shame, if, having pass'd 30 years, I should seek after *that sort* of Philosophers:

B

phers. The Craftiest of Emperors was amaz'd, to see Men after *that age* desirous of a *Second* to conflict with the Ills of the Body, and to preserve their Health. But when I have affirm'd that I never yet had a Vein open'd, the Chyrurgeons of *France* could not believe me, without first seeing me naked.

The Author's Way of Living at Paris.

You who know my way of Living, and my Inclinations, may imagine how I live here.

Commonly in a Morning, I rise with the Sun---. But that Great Luminary does not suffer himself to be seen often, which causes him to be here in in greater Veneration than are the Kings of *China* in their Empire, since he passes half the year as if he were invisible. I am always waken'd very early; the crowing of Cocks opens my Eyes, and the noise of Men and Horses force me to shake off slumber. My principal Pleasure when I don't write is to read, or to read and write together.
Having

Having finish't the Study of the Morning, which is the *Motion of the Mind*, I begin the Motion of the Body, and do not find a greater Diversion than *Walking*. In good Weather I repair to the Fine Long Allées, under the shade of Trees: We call this, in *French*, *se promener*, taking a Walk; an Exercise which the *Turks* can't endure, and which appears ridiculous to the *Asiatics*: Thus I make several Miles every Day without Travelling. For this purpose, the King maintains, in favour of the Idle, the finest Garden in *Europe*.

At Night I go to Bed as late as I can. I examine my self upon all my Actions of the Day past, to render an account thereof to my self, then I pray to God that he would close my Eye in the Night, to open it me in the Morning.

My Necessities of Food, Bedding, and Apparel are ever the same. I covet no Meats which are eaten by People more delicate or richer than my self. When I go out of the Palaces of the Great Ones, I am not ashamed of entring into my own little Retreat. Cloth of Gold and Silver would not

better cover my Body than does a Suit of Wool. If I have scarcity of any thing, I look for it in the Books of *Seneca*; *Would ye be rich? Desire nothing.* I abstain from every thing that is dear, and which cannot be bought without repentance. With this moderation, I starve Voluptuousness to death, and if sometimes the Flesh revolts, the Avarice of the Sex serves for a Remedy to it's Rebellion. I had rather make love to *Susannah* than to *Dalilah*; and I do not willingly give my Hairs, unless I cut 'em off my self.

As it is more difficult to *be* a *Zenocrates*, than to *seem* so, We shall still be Men, so long as there are Women; and our best way is to make Pleasure subservient to Our selves, and not Our selves to it.

Foreigners are welcome in this Country, provided they beg nothing. All they have to do here, is to Divert themselves, and some of them to carry away the Soot from Chimneys, which is the priviledge of the *Savoyards*, who are seen in the Streets blacker than *Ethiopians*, and more stinking than a *Synagogue*.

As

As for other things, I play'd the *Wiseman*, and sometimes the *Fool*, which is no small Secret to get oneself be- lov'd by *all* People. I have written, nay printed, and have met with Ap- plause from the Throne to the Thresh- ing-Floor. The King gave me a Pen- sion, and the War hath taken it from me. The Great Ones honoured me with their Words; and the Men of Letters with Incense and Smoke. The Women pres't me to write new Books, but I could not make one Word for them, unless when I was amorous, then, my Muse, who knows nothing of Sing- ing, has made Verses more tender than those of *Guarini*.

As in this Country there is a continu- al and a large Expence, unless a Man has two Guardian-Angels, one for the *Body*, and the other for the *Purse*; what with one's own *Sensuality*, and other's *Covetousness*, a Man is first reduced to his Shirt, and then carry'd to an Hos- pital. If I cease to have what I've spent, I find my self possess'd of a new Acquisition, which I had not, *I am be- come Flatterer*. A Man must praise *e- very thing* here, and that *always*, and the

the *Bad* things more than the *Good* Ones; nay, to live in Peace with the young People, One is constrain'd to applaud even Vice. I wag'd no War, but against *Hypocrisy*, not being able to suffer to see *God* and *Men* cheated, to honour the *Devil*. I made my self a Doctor in Compliments, especially in *Begging of Pardon*; and these sort of Ceremonies are more trivial in *France*, than Sighs are common in *Italy*: *The Friendships, The Promises, The Offers of Service*, are here of the nature of Nightingales, *Vox, Vox, praterea; nihil*. There is no Compliment made, nor Civility done without a Pardon begg'd. After this, you may well believe Injuries are excus'd, and if any body shou'd remember an Affront, he wou'd be no *bon Francois*.

As for *Paris*, I know not where to begin to take the Picture of the Town, whose Inhabitants are lodg'd ev'n upon the Bridges of the River, and upon the Tops of the Houses; and where the Women, who breed none but Bravo's, command more than the Men. This Great City is the Seat of Tumult; and since you are desirous of some Description of it,

it, I shall begin with the Perpetual Motion that reigns here Day and Night.

Hackny-Coaches.

When *Nero's* Preceptor wrote of the Tranquility of Life, I believe he took the Subject of it from the Hackny-Coaches of his time, by opposing *Quiet* to the continual *Noise* they made at *Rome*.

Of Hackny-Coaches there are here an infinite Number, founder'd and cover'd with Dirt, and only made to kill the Living. The Horses, which draw 'em, eat as they go, like those which carry'd *Seneca* into the Country, so meagre are they, and out of Flesh. The Coachmen are so bruitish, and have such whore-son frightful Voices, and the cracking of their Whips augments the Noise after so horrible a manner, as if all the Furies were in motion to make a Hell of *Paris*. This cruel sort of Carriage is paid by the Hour, a Custom invented to abridge the Days, in a time when Life is so short!

Noise

Noise of Bells, &c.

Then, the great Number of Prodigious Bells, hung up in a multitude of Tours, with their lamentable Clangors deprive the first Region of the Air of it's Tranquility, whether to call the *Living to Prayers*, or *the Dead to Rest*. Thus the Ears pay dear for the innocent Pleasures which all the rest of the Members of the Body may take.

If heretofore an Emperor had the Folly to judge of the Extent of *Rome*, by weighing all the Cobwebs, which he caus'd to be gather'd from the Circuit of that Great City, the Extent of *Paris* might be measured with stronger reason, by the extream Number of Lackeys, Horses, Dogs, Petty-foggers, and Pick-pockets that are there ; these sort of Folk make a third Part of this Great People.

The Cries of Paris.

Add hereunto the Howlings and Cries of all those who trudge about the Streets, to sell Herbs, Milk, Fruit, Rags, Sand, Brooms,

Brooms, Fish, Water, and a thousand other Necessaries for Life ; and I don't believe there's any Man in the World who is born Deaf, wou'd be so much an Enemy to himself, as to be willing to receive his Hearing at the Price of so Diabolical a Din.

The Blind.

The Privation of Sight is here much honoured. I never saw so great a Number of Blind-people: They'll go ye thro' the whole City without a Guide, several of 'em together, among a multitude of Wagons, Coaches, Horses, with the same security as if they had Eyes at their Feet. They abide all together in a great House call'd, *l'Hôpital des Quinze-vingts*, where they are kept with the People's Alms, in memory of 300 French Gentlemen, whose Eyes were dug out heretofore by a Sultan of *Egypt*. They wed, have Children, and make merry. Above all, they fail not in Churches to torment the Faithful, begging Alms with a Copper-pot in one Hand, and a Staff in the other, and with a Voice as loud, as if Christians were those same
C Statues

Statues which the Cynic of *Athens* formerly begg'd to grant him Patience.

The Houses, &c.

The Houses here seem rather built by *Philosophers* than *Architects*, so clumsy are they without, but well enough adorn'd within. Yet they have nothing rare but the Magnificence of *Tapistry*, wherewith the Walls are cover'd, it not being the Custom in *France* to embellish 'em with Sculpture.

The great Men distinguish themselves by their Aversion from doing any thing to serve others, and by a great Number of Beasts and Animals with two Legs, who follow them continually when they are drawn in their Coaches: The Horses have the precedence of the Lackys, being the Mode here to place 'em behind the Coach in Troops, erect upon their Feet, like the *Rhodian Colossus*, and cluster'd indecently together, as if they were entring the City of *Pentapolis* in Triumph.

The

The Inns, &c.

It is not exaggerating to say, that all *Paris* is a great Inn. Eating-houses and Taverns are seen every where ; the Kitchens are smoking every Hour, because they are eating every Hour : To Break-fast, and to eat all Day is the same thing in *France*. The *French* indeed love not the Spices of the *East*, not that they despise those rich Seasoners, but because they being the Delights of the *Italians* and *Spaniards*, they will not imitate other Nations, not ev'n in things that are good.

They do nothing niggardly ; their Tables are always plentiful ; they never eat alone : They love drinking small Draughts, and often, and they never drink without inviting their Guests to do the like.

The People.

The common People never get drunk but on Holy-days, when they do nothing else ; but on Working-days they labour with Assiduity. There is not a People in the World more industrious,

and who make so little of it, because they give every thing to their Belly and to their Back, and yet they are always content.

Luxury, &c.

Luxury is here in such excess, that, to enrich 300 desert Towns, it might be done by destroying *Paris*. You see there glittering, an infinite Number of Shops, which sell only things of no use, judge of the Number of others for furnishing things Necessary.

The River *Seine* passes thro' the Heart of the City; it brings with it every thing sufficient to nourish a Million of People; its Waters are calm and salutary. Man and Beast drink of it, but they are always bought, whether they be clear, or whether they be muddy. What I think unjust, is, that a Pail of Water shall be of the same Price when the River is *high*, as when it is *shallow*.

Things necessary for Life are seen in abundance, and in all Parts of the City. *Themistocles* might have found in every Street of *Paris* the three Towns which the King of *Persia* gave him, one for Bread,

Bread, and the other two for Wine and Apparel. Every thing is taken here in the same Place, for Necessity and for Pleasure; the last being as much look't after as the first. So much power over Men, have Things vain and useles.

Altho' it rains not, yet one cannot help often walking in Dirt; for, all the Filth is cast into the Streets, and the Vigilance of the Magistrates suffices not to keep 'em clean, yet the Women never go out any where now but in their Slippers. Formerly the Men could not walk at *Paris* but in Buskins, which made a *Spaniard* ask, seeing them in that Equipage the Day of his arrival, *Whether the whole City were setting out Post or no?*

There are several Bridges on the River, some of Wood, and others of Stone; there are some of them with a great many good Houses built upon 'em, and several Shops full of valuable Merchandize. But the *Pont-neuf* appears more worthy of the *City* than of the *River*; it is supported by a Dozen great Arches of massy Stone, it is large and noble; and 'tis there chiefly, that the Coaches, Horses, Wagons and People are Night and Day in a perpetual hurry. In the middle you see

see the Equestral Statue of *Henry* the Great, rais'd upon a magnificent *Piedestal*, majestic and worthy of so great a King; it seems, as if the Brass, cold as it is, yet breaths the martial Ardor of that warlike Prince, so lively has the Workman represented him.

The Women.

The Women here love little Dogs with an extream Passion, and caress 'em with as much Fondness, as if they were of the Race of the Dog that follow'd *Toby*. The Women are the *Finest* and *Ugliest* Appurtenance of the City, because *handsome Ones* are very scarce, but they surpass in *Agreeableness* all the Women of the World, which gives 'em a facility in perswading, in gaining all to themselves, and of never losing any thing. They have also the priviledge of commanding their Husbands, and obeying no body. The Liberty of this Sex is here greater than that enjoy'd in the Country by the *Arabians*, who never lie down in the Evening in the same Place whence they rose in the Morning. They are equally Cunning
and

and Eloquent; they vend Goods publickly, in Shops, and elsewhere, and yield not to the Men either in the Art of Accounting, or in that of driving a Bargain, and selling dear even the things that stick upon their Hands.

Such of the Women who value themselves upon being Learned, give Quarter to no body; and when they have in their Head the Maxims of *Aminias*, &c. there is not a *Zenocrates* severe enough, not to suffer himself to be perswaded. Some of 'em visit *Parnassus* in company of Poets; and as Ignorance even of things unnecessary is condemn'd here, almost all the Women pride themselves in having had Masters to teach them, and in coming from *such* or *such* a School. Thus, there are some of 'em who write and make Books; the wisest make Children, and the most pious comfort the afflicted; the soberest eat as many times a Day as the Mussulmen make their Prayers, being the Custom of the Country to salute the rising Sun with Loaf in Hand.

They all dress with a great deal of Genteelness; they are seen every Hour; they love the Conversation of gay People,

ple, they go thro' the City as they please; their Doors are always open to those who have once been within 'em. They hate no body, unless it be when they are rally'd upon those things which *Lamia* gave *Demetrius* to understand were affronting to the Sex, that is to say, when a Man boasts of — *what he does not do*, and when he does not *keep his Word with 'em*. In their Attire they often change the *Fashion*, as they often change their *Faces*.

There are some of 'em, who when they go abroad, mind not to shut the Door, setting Thieves at defiance, because they carry their whole Fortune upon their Backs. The Quality trail behind 'em a long Tail of Gold or Silk, with which they sweep the Churches and Gardens. All of 'em have the Priviledge of going maskt at all times, concealing or shewing themselves when they please: With a Black-velvet-Visor they go sometimes to Church as to a Ball or Play, unknown to *God* and their *Husbands*. The Fairest command the Men, like Queens; their Husbands they command, as Men, and their Lovers as Slaves. They know not what it is to
give

give *Suck to their Children*; to keep at *Home*; to weave *Penelope's Web*; they laugh at *Hercules's* turning the Spinning-wheel; and living in this Liberty, they boast of bringing forth *Captains*, and *Men of Letters*, wherewith the Country abounds, there being here more *Soldiers* and *Doctors*, than are seen in the *Indies* and *Asia*, *Idolaters* and *Astrologers*.

They easily give and receive Love, but they never love long, nor enough. Marriages which us'd to be *for Life*, are now but *for a Time*; which makes, that voluntary Divorces are frequently found in Families the most reserved, after which, the Husband lives quiet in the Country, and the Wife takes her pleasure at *Paris*.

There is hardly ever seen here a jealous Man, rarely a Man who thinks himself unfortunate for his Wife's Infidelity, and very rarely a Female who sacrifices to *Diana*. A Kiss, which in *Turkey*, *Italy*, and *Spain*, is the beginning of Adultery, is nothing here but a bare Civility; and if the Gentil *Persian*, who made so many mysterious Voyages three times to kiss the beautiful *Cyrus*, had been at *Paris*, he would

D have

have made no great Account of that sort of Pleasure. No visits are made without kissing; but as this Kissing is like Coyn, valu'd as one will, or rather, being a sort of Merchandize which costs nothing, which wears not out, and which always is plentiful, no body is niggardly in giving it, and few covetous to receive it.

Their Levity.

Levity is the Fifth Element of the *French*: They are all Lovers of Novelties, and they do all they can, *not to keep a Friend long.*

They accommodate at the same time to Hot and Cold. They invent every Day new Modes of Dressings, and weary of living in their own Country, you may see 'em sometimes gadding into *Asia*, sometimes into *Africa*, some few into *Spain*, a great many into *Italy*, and a world of different Countries, only to change place, and to divert themselves. Those who cannot travel, do by their *Houses* as by their *Habits*, they often shift their Abode, *for fear (say they) we should grow old in the same place.*
Their

Their Taylors.

Taylors have more trouble to *invent* than to *stitch*, and when a Suit has lasted the Life of a Flower it appears decrepid. From hence is born a People call'd *Fripiers* (Brokers) vile Wretches, and descended from the ancient *Israel*: They make a Trade of buying and selling old second-hand Suits, and they live splendidly by *Stripping of some*, and *Cloathing others*. A Conveniency singular enough in a very populous City, where those who are tired with wearing the same Habit long, may change it with moderate Loss, and where others, who are bare, have the means of cloathing themselves with small Expence. In short, what is most incredible, is, that if in one Day a Hundred thousand Clients should be sent naked out of the Hands of the Attorneys, there are in this City Shirts and Suits enough to cover them.

The Language, &c.

The Idiom of the *French* is a noble Mixture of *Latin*, *Italian*, and *Spanish*:

It is agreeable only to those who understand it well. They eat half their Words; they write not as they speak, and they take a pleasure in speaking so as not to be understood; so rapid and precipitate is their manner of Pronouncing, tho' at present their Language is refin'd and harmonious.

As if it were tedious to talk of things *Present*, they always discourse of the *Future*, rarely of the *Past*, and never of Antiquity. They take it to be a Vice in the *Spaniards*, to go to dig up distant Ages; and they hunt after nothing but new Books, young Horses, and Friends born the same Day.

How to know a French-man.

You may know a true *French-man* by four things :

When the Clock strikes.

When he asks a Question.

When he makes a Promise.

When he talks of his Amours.

For, 1st, Scarce begins the Clock to strike, but he asks, *Quelle heure est il ?*

2. He

2. He would have his Friend make answer before the Question's out of his own Mouth.

3. He performs nothing but what he do's *not* promise.

And 4thly, For his Amours, he has more pleasure in *Publishing* his Mistresses Favours than in *Receiving* them.

If *change of Weather* obliges the *French* to cloath themselves with Wool in the Morning, and Silk after Dinner, the *Levity of their Humour* obliges them also to make to themselves new ways of Living and Dressing.

Luxury and good Chear would be here rather Vertues than Vices, if only the Rich lived splendidly; but Emulation has made it pass to others, to whom it becomes ruinous. Thus it seems that *Paris* continually approaches to its End, if it be true what an Ancient hath said, *That immoderate Expence is an evident Sign of a decaying City.* But now that the Footmen and Coachmen begin to wear Scarlet and Plumes of Feathers, and that Gold and Silver are become common even upon their Cloaths, 'tis like we shall see the End of excessive Luxury, there being nothing that can
make

make Noble Personages so much despise Gold-trimming, than to see it upon the Bodies of the lowest Men in the World.

The King only is obey'd, and there is not a Great Man, but is complaisant to the very Least. When you have rendred to the Master what is his due, for the rest you may live *à la Grecque*. No body is obliged in the Streets

to uncover before whom-
**The Hostia*. soever, unless before *God,

when he is carrying to
the Sick. The Dregs of the People enjoy the same Priviledge; they give the Way to no body; they suffer not the least Affront, and they make themselves more fear'd than People of Worth, not knowing what is done in Republicks, where a thousand Masters command an infinite multitude of Slaves.

There is not a People more imperious and more hardy. They have given to themselves the report *Of doing nothing in the Evening of what they promis'd in the Morning*. They say, They are the only Men in the World who are priviledged to break their Words, without fear of acting against Honour,
and

and this, because they believe themselves the only Men in the World, *Who know how to enjoy true Liberty.*

House-Rent.

Stone-walls are here at a very great Price. A small Chamber goes at more than ten Houses in *Muscovy.*

Mine, where *Plato* wou'd not lodge, and where *Diogenes* himself would find nothing superfluous, obliges me to an Expence which half a Score Cynics cou'd not maintain; yet my whole Furniture consists but in a moderate Tapistry, which hangs four thin Walls, a Bed, a Table, some Chairs, a Looking-glass, and the King's Picture.

The Fruits.

Bad things are dearer than good Ones; the Figs are of this Number; they sell for more than Melons in *Spain.* Assuredly *Eve* wou'd never have disobey'd God in the Paradice of *Armenia*, if the forbidden Fruit had been One of these Figs; but in exchange, the Pears are excellent.

Oranges

Oranges and Limons hold the first Rank among things that are costly, because they come from *Italy* and *Portugal*; and are more esteem'd than other Fruits. Such is the Inclination of Man, who likes nothing so much as what costs much.

The Wine.

Wine is at a moderate Price, when 'tis at the City-gates, but as soon as 'tis entred, it changes into *Aurum portabile*.

A small Measure sells for more at *Paris*, than a Barrel in the Country.

The Rich find this Liquor dearer than others, who buy it by Retail in Taverns: Vintners are in so great Number, they would people a great City: They are almost all Saints, for the Virtue they have of increasing this Liquor, by changing Water into Wine, that is, by making *Bacchus* an Adulterer.

The Trades-People.

If ever you come to *Paris*, take care how you set Foot in the Shops which sell things of *no use*. As soon as the *Marchand* has given you a Description of his Goods with a Torrent of Words, he flatters you, invites you insensibly, and with a World of Reverences, to buy of him, and at length he talks so much he tires you and stuns you.

When one first comes into the Shop, he begins by shewing every thing one has no mind to, producing afterwards what one wants: And then he says and does so many fine things, that you part with all your Money in taking the Goods he gives ye, at more than they're worth.

It is by this means they pay themselves for their Civility and continual Pains they are at in shewing their things to no purpose, and an hundred times a Day to the Curious, who will see every thing without buying any thing. So that if things of no use are bought dearer than others, I must needs think

E the

the *Roman* Cenfor in the right of it, to say, that, *What cost but an Half-penny is very dear, when it is not necessary.*

The Variety of Weather.

To Day Morning it rain'd, 'twas fair about Noon, afterwards it snow'd, and all of a sudden arose a Storm with Rain, which lasted two Hours; at length the Air grew calm, and the Sun shew'd it self, which hath concluded the Day pleasantly. Such is the Climate of *Paris*, the Heat of the Evening succeeds the Cold of the Morning. The Elements are here in perpetual Motion, and the Seasons almost always irregular, the Heav'n never in repose, and its Influences ever unequal. There is no perseverance *but in bad things*; above all, in Winter, which holds here eight Months, with all the Severities of that Season succeeding one another, Rains, Snows, Hails, Frosts, Fogs, and dark Weather, which hides the Sun whole Months. 'Tis no such wonder therefore if the *French* conforming to the Inconstancy of their Climate, are so Fickle and Capricious,

precious, and that the Ladies wear at the same time a *Muff* in one Hand, and a *Fan* in th'other.

The Theatres, &c.

During *Lent*, the People run in the Morning to *Sermon* with great Devotion, and after Dinner to the *Comedy* with the same haste. There are several Theatres, all continually open, to divert those who love such sort of Spectacles. At one are presented Opera's, and at the rest, *Comedies* and *Tragedies*. Each Company strives to draw most Spectators, but the Crowd is found at the Theatre, where there's most laughing; for which reason, the *Italian* Comedians profited more by the People's Simplicity than the *French* Comedians.

Sollicitors, Quacks, Gamesters, Foot-boys, make one of the finest Ornaments of *Paris*.

The first teach us to forbear going to Law, for fear they should swallow up our Estate by their Chicanry. The second ought to warn us to live soberly, to the end we may not fall into

their Hands, to be kill'd before our time by their Prescriptions. Gamesters excite our Vigilance in keeping our Estate : And Foot-boys have found the Secret to make us taste the pleasure of serving our selves, *Not to have*, as the Lord said, *Thieves in our own House*. They say among themselves, *That German Valets are their Masters Camarades, the English Valets are Slaves, the Italian respectful, Spanish submissive, but that they (meaning themselves the French Valets) are the only ones who command their Masters*. Their Insolence is extreme, and the King has forbid their wearing of Canes, upon great Penalties; for they us'd to commit new Disorders every Day, especially being more than 100,000, they were capable of committing any sort of Riot.

The Courts of Judicature.

The Place where the Parliament assembles, makes a City, in the middle of a City. This Place is only frequented by those who defend their own Estate, or those who covet
that

that of other People. *Diogenes* with his Lantern would not find two Friends there, nor a contented Man.

Attorneys.

They abound in all the Towns of *France*, but swarm *here* innumera- bly. They are a Kind of Men chosen to melt those down who are too Fat, and, to hinder the Lean ones from growing so. I fancy Princes suffer 'em only that they may keep up a Civil War amongst their Subjects, thro' a Perswasion, that if they pass'd not their Life in demanding at Law what belongs to 'em, and in usurping what does not belong to them, the Regal Authority wou'd be in danger by their Intrigues and Bustling.

When I enter the Great-Hall, I behold an infinite Multitude of People, red-hot, one half of 'em tormenting the other with obstinate Contests for several years, maintain'd by the Diabolical Inventions of Practitioners. Their Robe is long and black, to shew how ominous it is to the World; they

they wear on their Heads a four corner'd Cap like Priests, and in this Attire they lead their Clients as so many Victims to the Altar of *Justinian*. Their Weapons are, the Tongue, the Pen, and the Purse; with the two first they *defend* and *ruin* their Clients, and with the Purse they *rifle* 'em; they never make an end of a Suit, but when the Parties have no more Money to carry it on. And when 'tis adjudg'd, there's nothing left to the Suiters but a Heap of dirty Papers—— “*With magic Terms, and Figures dire inscrib'd.*

It is in this Field of Battle where the Father and Child, the Husband and Wife, the Master and Servant, combat one against another with Blows of Pen, with Menaces, with Injuries, Calumnies, and where are seen Extortions real, Deposites deny'd, Thefts of Guardians, Tears of Widows and Orphans. When after many years some one gets his Cause, the *Victory* reduces him to *Beggary*.

This sort of Contention, in my Opinion, hath something in it very odd and whimsical.

Two

Two Adversaries sollicite Day and Night the same Judge, the *One* to be left in his Shirt, and the *Other* to be left stark naked; which Experience daily shews to be the upshot of the Game.

Councillors.

In the Library of an Eminent Councillor, Books are as Fish in the Sea, whereof one Part devours the other.

A Million of Dead are drawn out in Batalia, some against others, to keep up Sedition in all the Families of the Living; so opposite, doubtful, uncertain and variable are the Opinions of these Doctors, Interpreters of the Laws.

'Tis thus that the Laws of *Justinian*, and all other Princes, are corrupted, violated, or confounded, by these ignorant or malicious Interpreters, who know not the truth of the Law, or who take a pleasure in finding out an unknown Sense therein, little regarding that their subtle Interpretation

terpretation becomes the Source of infinite pernicious Disputes.

The *Spanish* Proverb carries with it a great deal of truth—— *He who commenceth a Law-suit, planteth a Palm,* a Tree which never gives of its Fruit to him who sets it.

The *Mahometans* are much happier, *their Clubs* decide more Causes in two Days, than all the *Doctors* in several Years.

The *Romans* could not agree upon the manner of building their Courts of Judicature. *Cato* was for having the Floor stuck with Spikes to tear the Feet of the *Litigious*. *Marcellus* on the contrary, would have it well covered against the Injuries of Weather, thereby to invite all People the more willingly to come and multiply their Contests.

The

The Physicians.

The Physicians here, as in all other Places of the World, sometimes cure, and sometimes kill their Patients. When they come to a sick Man, instead of *Discerning* his Distemper, they *Inquire* it out.

There is no Remedy so effectual to obtain a long Life and a happy, as *To keep the Doctor at a Distance.*

A *Latin* Poet speaking of a young *Roman*, who went to Bed in good Health, says, *That he dy'd suddenly in the Night, and that because he had seen a Physician in his Sleep.*

What I think unjust, is, That the Fellow who *kills*, and he who *cures*, are fee'd alike, and that there's no Judge to be found to punish an ignorant *Quack*.

F

The

The Filoux, or Pick-pockets, &c.

The most Dextrous Exercise is that of certain Thieves, which are here call'd *Filoux*, their Trade is more subtle than that of *Glauber*: If he hath shewn how to turn Lead into Gold, these can make Gold with Nothing: They steal with so much Address, that were it not shameful to suffer one's self to be robb'd, it would be a pleasure to be serv'd so, by Fellows so cunning and so clever at it. *Hercules* had never known who took his Oxen, if *Cacus* had been a *Filou de Paris*. To speak truth, He that goes out in the Night, is in danger of finding himself naked as our first Parents; and he who sleeps in the Day, often makes *Aristotle* a Liar; who said, *There is no Vacuum in Nature*, for those who are not watchful enough, find nothing left in their Coffers, nor their Houses. These *Filoux* are ever punish'd by the Justices, but

but it is when they are taken and do not do their Trade cleverly.

Beasts are tamer here than in any Part of the World ; no Serpents to be seen, nor scarce any sort of venomous Creatures. What is wonderful, is to see how Horses, the most high-spirited of Animals, do here lose all their Pride, and become as gentle as the Asses of *Arcadia*. The *French* do e'en what they list with 'em, they almost bring 'em to kneel, as the *Turks* do the Camels of their Caravans. They beat 'em, they gueld 'em, and when they know no more how to torment 'em, they reduce 'em to the scoundrel Figure of a Monkey, by cutting off their Tail and Bars ; whence comes the Proverb, *That Paris is a Paradise for Women, a Purgatory for Men, and a Hell for Horses.*

The Devotion of the French.

I never saw *People* more devout, *Priests* more sober, *Clergy* more orderly, and *those under Vows* give a better Example.

The People resort to the Churches with Piety. The Marchands pray to God to prosper their Trade; it is only the Nobles and Great Ones who go thither to divert themselves, to Talk, and to make Love: And sometimes you may see People there in Boots, forgetting the respect which the Mahometans have, who before they enter into their *Mosquées*, leave their Shoes at the Door.

Their Dress.

Tho' the People, are *long-liv'd*, yet there's scarce any *old Folks* to be seen. The Men wear no Beard, nor their own Hair; they take care to cover the Flaws of Time with other People's Hair which gives 'em perpetual Youth.

Since Perriwigs have been receiv'd, the Heads of the *Dead* and of the *Women* are sold at a great rate; thus, the Sepulchres and the Women furnish the finest Ornament for the Heads of the Men.

Every body dresses with a world of Finery. *Ribbons, Lace, and Looking-glasses*

glasses are three things without which the *French* cannot live. Gold and Silver is become so common, as I've said before, that they shine upon the Habits of all Degrees of Persons, and immoderate Luxury has confounded the Master with the Servant, and the Scum of the People with those of the most exalted Condition. All the world here wears Swords, and *Paris* resembles the *Utopia* of Sir *Thomas More*, where there is no distinction of Persons.

It is the Country of Pleasure, Lovers are not troubl'd with sighing, Jealousie torments no body. The Soldiers go to be kill'd for Diversion, and the Afflicted never appear in publick.

Musicians are in so great Number, that if you begin from the greatest Lady to the meanest Servant-wench, and from the noblest Cavalier to the lowest Lacquey, every one sacrifices to *Orpheus*, that is to say, every one sings, and more in publick Places and Gardens, than in private Houses; they laugh at the Philosopher, who observes in his Politicks, *That the Poets never made Jupiter sing, as if singing was unworthy of a God.*

As

As all things are dear at *Paris*, it extends even to the *Dead*, who pay a Duty to obtain Burial, so that a Man in his last Hours is less perplex'd about *Dying*, than about *paying* the Doctor who kills him, or the Curate who buries him.

The Academies.

Men of Learning are here as numerous as *Ignoramus's* at *Constantinople*. There are several *Academies*, where Men of Sense go to discourse. The two most Famous are, that *De la Langue Françoise*, and that *Des Sciences*. The last is compos'd of several Philosophers more enlightn'd than the Ancients, and who discover every Day new Mysteries in Nature : The other is a Society of sublime Wits, who teach the Beauties of the *French Tongue*, and who have made this Nation the most eloquent in the World. The University also is a celebrated Academy, where Youth is exercised in the Principles of Things natural ; and the *Sorbonne*, a Famous Seminary, where
Theologie

Theologie teaches to speak of the My-
 steries of Religion, and 'tis from thence
 arise the First Men of *Europe*, for Learn-
 ing and for Virtue.

Chymists.

I have heard it said, there are as ma-
 ny *Chymists* here as *Cooks* ; they draw
 nothing from their Art but useless
 Knowledge. They are reckon'd be-
 tween 5 and 6000, who will be un-
 fortunate enough to receive only *Smoke*
 from their Labours and Affiduity, the
 common Recompence given to the
 Adherents of an Art rich in Hopes, li-
 beral in Promises, and ingenious for
 Trouble and Fatigue, whereof the be-
 ginning is *Lying*, the middle is *Labour-*
ing, and the end is *Begging*.

The Booksellers, &c.

The Booksellers and Printers hold
 the first Place among the Arts Mecha-
 nic ; there is not a City in the World,
 where are seen more new Books, and
 where

where the Difficulty of getting printed is greater.

Many Persons write upon Subjects, Noble and Curious, but they are almost all of 'em poor. Morality is chiefly the Taste of the *French*, they write of it with a great deal of Politeness. They translate also and print many Books, *Greek, Latin, Italian and Spanish*, a certain sign of the Poverty of Authors, of the Wealth of Booksellers, and of the great Fruit produced from the Applications of Men of Learning. Booksellers enrich themselves without understanding the Books they sell, and 'tis of them *Quevedo* speaks, *That they are tormented in the other World for other Men's Works.*

Every thing that heart can wish, is to be had at *Paris*, and that too in an instant. And there's no Invention produced for tasting all the Pleasures of Life, but it is put in practice. The *Peripatetics* and *Stoics* never labour'd so much upon the *Reformation* of Manners as *French Cooks* upon the satisfaction of the Belly. Always new Sawces, and *Ragouts* unknown; and fatigu'd with eating ordinary

ordinary Meats, they have found the way of dissolving the bare Bones of Animals, and then making of 'em delicious Foods.

The Bread is good, white, well made; and a single Loaf is sometimes big enough to glut a Family many Days, which gave occasion to a pleasant Fellow to say, That if the custom of making such great Loaves had been in *Judea* at the time of the *Messias*, the 5000 *Jews* who were fill'd, wou'd have wonder'd more at the *Oven* than the *Miracle*.

Yet in this Place so replenish'd, *He that hath nothing shall have nothing*, that is to say, Water and Fire are forbid to those who have no Money, as they were to Criminals in the time of the *Romans*.

I don't think there's a more terrible Hell upon Earth than to be poor at *Paris*, and to see one's self continually *surrounded* with all sorts of Pleasures without having it in One's Power to *taste* any.

In the midst of this Plenty are found an infinite Number of poor Wretches begging Alms with a Tone of singing;
G they

they are seen frozen with cold in Winter, and in Spring they present Flowers to excite Compassion.

There is no credit given to Enchantments or Sorcerers, and scarcely to Demoniacks.

Their Gallantry, &c.

Adultery here passes for *Gallantry*, in the Opinion ev'n of the *Husbands*, who quietly see Love made to their Wives; and they are in the right of it. It is a great Folly in our jealous-pated *Italians*, to plant Honour in a Vessel so weak.

They sell every thing here, except *The Art of keeping a Secret*. The *French* say, It is the Trade of a Confessor, and that for their Part they keep no silence but of things indifferent, which are not confided to them, and whereof they find no itch to speak.

Their

Their Civility.

Civility is more study'd in *France* than in the Kingdom of *China*. It is practis'd with a great deal of Grace among Persons of Quality. The Citizens pretend to it, but *affectedly*; and the common People come off with it *grossly*. Every one makes to himself an Art of it after his own manner. There are Masters who teach Ceremonies, and not long ago I met in the Street a Woman handsome enough, who offer'd to sell me some Compliments, and to let me have 'em cheap. This Woman goes to Houses, displays her Merchandise, and gets a Living.

Strangers are belov'd. They come from all Parts of the World to see the *King, who is a Prince perfectly well-made, and of equal Accomplishments*. They enjoy at the same time all the Pleasures, which can flatter the Senses, except the *Smell*. The *King* not loving sweet Smells, every body is under a necessity of *hating* 'em. The Ladies affect to

fwoon away at the sight of a Flower. Thus Persons, the most delicate, refuse to take any satisfaction in Perfumes, which we *Italians* are such perfect Lovers of, and which the *Spaniards*, and all the Nations of *Asia* esteem so precious. Being depriv'd of this Pleasure, we are continually suffocated with the stench of the Streets and Common-sewers, which might carry the Ship of Ptolomy.

There are several Masters who teach Foreign Languages. The *Italian* and *Spanish* are the most Modish of all others, and have the most Followers: The *Ladies* especially, curious of understanding these two Tongues, and of speaking them, are not sparing of their pains, and have success. The Histories of the *Times*, and the *Great Events of the World*, are wrote here with a great deal of *Delicatess*: There are also represented upon the Almanacks all the Battles fought and Towns taken, and all the considerable Actions which happen upon Sea and Land, and care is taken to embellish the Representation

presentation with several Devises and agreeable Figures.

The Fair of St. Germain.

They keep every Year in *Lent* a famous Fair, call'd *La Foire St. Germain*. It is in a great Place fill'd with Shops; where an infinite Number of Marchands set out all the finest and richest Goods that are made in this Great City. There are to be had also all sorts of Liquors, Wines and Sweetmeats, and the richest Furniture. All the Town goes thither, but rather to *divert* themselves than to *buy* any thing.

The *subtilest* Lovers, *handsomest* Ladies, and *slyest* Pick-pockets make a continual Crowd there. There's no *stealing of Hearts*, nor *cutting of Purses*, but is committed in this Fair. And as the Concourse is always great and perpetual, there happen Adventures singular enough for *Robbery* and *Galantry*. The Purses undergo the same Lot with *Pythagoras's Souls*, they pass
from

from one to another by an invisible transmigration.

Formerly the *King* went thither, but now he goes no more. The principal Diversion is at Night, where a world of Lights rang'd in all the Shops, render the Fair more brilliant and more magnificent, *hide more easily the Faults in the Ladies Faces*, and give to the other Pleasures a more agreeable and more delicious Relish.

The Lamps.

The Invention of illuminating *Paris* during the Night-time, by an infinite number of Lamps, should invite the most distant Nations to come and see what the *Greeks* and *Romans* never thought of in the *Polity* of their *Republicks*.

The Lights enclos'd in Lanterns of Glass, hung in the Air, and at an equal distance, are in admirable Order; they set them all up at the same time, and they shine the whole Night. This Spectacle is so *fine*, and so *well understood*,

stood, that *Archimedes* himself, if he were living, could add nothing more agreeable and more useful. These nocturnal Fires are of mighty benefit to all People, they contribute to the Publick Safety, as well as several Troops of Men, some a-foot, and others a Horse-back, who patrol all the Night thro' the City, to prevent Murthers, Robberies, &c. that us'd to be committed formerly under shelter of the Dark: Which makes *Paris*, (bate but the terrible Noise of it) the most *delightful safest* City in the Universe.

The Tuilleries.

I return to the famous Garden of the *Tuilleries*, the Charms whereof extend ev'n to the *Blind*, who go thither to walk every Day in Summer. As it is made for the pleasure of a Great People, *Art* has done all its Endeavours to render it worthy of the infinite Number of *considerable Persons* who frequent it; of the great many *fine Ladies* who adorn it, and an ex-
tream

stream abundance of *good Sort of People* who are always walking in it.

Entrance is forbid to *Foot-boys* and *the Rabble* : It is very spacious, and almost capable of containing *great Part* of the People, (if they came at the same time) situated on the Margin of the *Sein*, the Prospect whereof, with the rising Grounds, and neighbouring Countries, augment its Beauty and its Charms. The grand *Allées* cover'd with a world of Trees, which yield nothing but Shade, invite People to walk, and when they are weary'd, there are Seats in all Places with *Stages, Labyrinths, and Green-plots of fresh Grass*, to retire to for an agreeable Solitude.

There you may see display'd in Attire every thing that Extravagance can invent, the *most tender and the most touching*.

The Ladies in Fashions *ever new*, with their Adjustments, their Ribbons, their Jewels, and agreeable manner of dressing, in Stuffs of Gold and Silver,

ver, declare the continual Applications of their Magnificence.

The Men, for their Parts, as vain as the Women, with their *Feathers* and their *Fair Wigs*, come hither to seek to please, and to take Hearts, but they're often taken themselves, there being no want of *Diana's* to charm the *Endymions*. In this Place so pleasant, they rally, they talk of Love, of News, of Business, and of War. There's Deciding, Criticising, Disputing, Deceiving one another, and Diverting the whole World. You see there in Spring several sorts of Flowers, and in Summer the Nightingales seem to have chosen it the Place of their abode, and with their sounding Voice they sing their Loves and their Complaints. There's no sad-looking Faces, no lamentable Discourse; all quiet and remote from Noise.

I fancy 'twas this charming Garden *Armida* made use of to disarm her *Rinaldo* in, and to put him into her Chains. This fine Place is maintain'd at the King's Charge, and no Care is
H forgot

forgot to make it agreeable : The King has appointed a Governour to it, with a great many subordinate Officers. . The Gates are always guarded : And if there were a greater quantity of Water, and some fine Marble Statues, the Eye would meet with more satisfaction, and have nothing else to wish for.

The Abbots, &c.

I have never seen so many Abbots, and who more willingly wear the short Coat, the little Collar, and the fair Wig: In truth, they are the Ornament of *Paris*, and the Refuge of afflicted Ladies ; as they have the Spirit of Gallantry, their Conversation is more agreeable and more desir'd. I have found among 'em Persons the most Obliging, the most Civil, and the most Secret. It were to be wisht that the great Number of Abbots was lessen'd, by excluding from this Rank all those who have their Abbys in the *Conclave of the Moon, and the imaginary World.*

Tho'

Tho' the Men are laborious and ingenious in their Art, yet the Women do half the Work.

The handsomest keep the Shop, to draw in Customers ; as they are extremely well drest, and their Voice and Words harmonious, they never fail, as I've said, to get all our Money, *tho' one has no desire to buy.*

The Quacks.

Upon the *Pont-neuf* you meet a world of People giving out Bills, some for replacing fall'n Teeth, others for making Glass-Eyes ; there are some who are for curing Distempers incurable. This pretends to have discover'd the hidden Virtue of some Stones in Powder to whiten and beautify the Face : That Man assures, he restores Youth to Old-age. There are, who get wrinkles out of the Forehead and Eyes, who make wooden Legs to repair the violence of the Bombs.

In fine, all the World here has so strong, so continual an application to work, that the Devil can't tempt any body but on *Holydays* and *Sundays*.

• Since the *French* have found the Secret of impenetrable Skins, they laugh at Shipwrecks. The time is come, of walking upon the Sea, and upon the Rivers with safety, and *without the help of Elias's Cloak*. A Man clad in these Skins, is born upon the Water without wetting; and this Experiment has been seen so often upon the River it is no longer heeded.

The Liberty of Paris, &c.

Wou'd you pass for a Man of Worth at *Paris* for six Months and no more, and afterwards live like a Rake? *Shift your Quarters, and no body shall know you.*

Wou'd ye live incognito all your Life? *Go lodge in a House, where there's eight or ten Families, he that lies the nearest*
to

to you shall be the last Man that knows who you are.

Does the Toy take ye in the Head, to Day to be cover'd with Gold, and to Morrow in a dark Frize? No body will heed it, *and you may walk about the City dress'd either like a Prince or a Miser.*

I saw one Sunday, in a single Parish, sixty five Marriages committed.

'Tis said there are in this City 4,000 Venders of Oysters; that there is eaten every Day, 1,500 large Beeves, and above 16,000 Muttons, Veals, or Pigs, besides a prodigious quantity of Wild-fowl, &c. The People expend a Million yearly to divert themselves at the Musick, Theatres, and Comedies. There are reckon'd 50,000 Houses, in each of which, the Families are so numerous, that they lodge from the Garret to the Cellar. There are 500, great Streets, besides a world of small ones, 10 Squares, several Market-places, 17 Gates, 9 Bridges, with as many *Faux-bourgs* (Suburbs) and
above

above 30 Hospitals. There are seen a great number of Churches, Colleges, several fine Libraries publick and private, and abundance of Cabinets rich and curious, adorn'd with Medals, Paintings, &c. and fill'd with the greatest Rarities in *Europe*.

It is not the Custom here to lend any thing, and 'tis sometimes a sort of an Affront to offer Money, and to borrow it.

They never offer Lodging in their Houses to Strangers, nor ev'n to Friends.

There is in each Quarter a kind of Justice of the Peace, who is call'd *Commissaire*, and decides upon the Spot certain small Contests, and prevents Noise and Quarrels.

Those who are not *French* cannot endure to see the Men comb themselves publickly in the Streets, and the Women carrying always a Mirror in their Hand and to go maskt all the Year.

The

The Young-men divert themselves at all the Exercifes of the Body, and especially at Tennis, in a Place shut up and cover'd; the Old-men pass their time at Dice, Cards, and in telling News; and the Ladies game more than the Men: They make also a world of Visits, and are Affiduous at all the Comedies.

What one meets with most commonly at *Paris*, are,

Words without number giv'n and never kept: Favours received, which they take a pleasure in forgetting: Abundance of mad Folk in the Streets, and some few shut up.

But what is rarely seen, is Modesty and Discretion; these belong only to the Idle, the sober, and the Aged: It is also difficult to meet with any Timorous and Scrupulous among 'em.

But what is never seen, and which is most of all to be desired, is, Repose, Secrecy, and a True Friend.

As

As for what remains; *Chocolate, Tea, and Coffee*, are extreamely in fashion, but Coffee has the preference of the other two, *as a Remedy which they say is sovereign against Sadness*.

Thus, not long since, a certain Lady hearing that her Husband was kill'd in Battle— *Ah! miserable Wretch that I am!* (crys she) *Quick, bring me some Coffee—* And she was immediately comforted:

The Mode.

I was afraid t'other Day they had left off eating of Bread. The Fellow who went out to by some, comes and tells me, That *Roll-Bread*, which I loved, was quite out of Fashion.

It is this same *Fashion*, my Friend; that is the true *Demon*, always tormenting this People. Ev'n to that degree, they don't love the Women as they us'd to do, and the Loofest of 'em wou'd

wou'd look upon a *Tender Engagement* as a Crime.

One while they Wore such diminutive Cravats, they were scarce discernable; now they're spread about the Neck, from whence they hang, like *Bolonia-Sausages*, down to the Middle.

They wear no more *Swords*, but *Cy-metars*.

The *Bolonia-Dogs* are now laid aside, as ugly and unsupportable; and none are Carest but those with the Snout of a Wolf and cut Ears; and the more they are *deform'd*, the more are they honour'd with *Kisses and Embraces*.

Perrukès must follow the Mode to be sure.

They us'd to be made *à la Fransoise*; then, *à l'Espagnole*; and now, *la Bour-gogne*.

Little Watches have been in request; now they are ridiculous, and the largest are most Modish.

I

I have

I have heard say too, They have left off Compliments in Letters, and a new Mode introduc'd, which is, to seal, not only with One Seal, but with Three, for fear of offending against Civility.

My Dear Friend,

Let us heartily pray to God, to give this Brave Nation the Spirit of Peace, and to grant that the *Martial Fury* which so much disorders them, may change into a *Salutary Temper*, and cause Peace and Tranquillity to return again throughout all *Europe*.

Some

Some further

REMARKS

Upon the

FRENCH,

THEIR

Authors, Preachers, &c.

By a French Gentleman.

IT may be said of the *French*, that they seem to be the only People who consider the shortness of Life, for they do ev'ry thing in so much haste, *as if they were perswaded they had but a Day to live.* Their *Promptitude* proceeds from their *Vivacity*; there's not a *stupid* Soul among them. It is this same *Vivacity*

which makes 'em Furious at the first Onset, Impatient in Amour, Changeable in their Modes, Penetrating in the Sciences, Agreeable in Repartees, Open in Revenge. Those who don't know 'em thoroughly, take this Vivacity for Folly; but *Charles the Vth*, who had time and occasion to know 'em, could not forbear doing 'em Justice, when, comparing them with the *Italian* and *Spaniards*, who pass for a People no less *Prudent* than *Crafty*, he us'd to say, *The Italian is Wise and appears so; the Spaniard seems Wise and is not so; but the French are Wise without appearing so.* A conceal'd Wisdom is as valuable as any. The *Penetration* of the *French* goes farther in *Discovering*, than *Dissimulation* does in *Concealing*.

The greatest Part of the Women are more jealous of their *Beauty* than their *Honour*; and she who hath need of a whole Morning to perfect her Charms, would be more concern'd to be surpriz'd at her *Toilette*, than with a *Gal-lant*. I don't at all wonder at it, the first Virtue in the Women's Philosophy,

phy, is *to please*; and to please the Men, Beauty is a more certain means than Wisdom.

Francis Ist. To rally an ancient Lady, who had been very beautiful, askt her, *How long 'twas since she had left the Country of Beauty?* Sir, (answer'd she) *I came thence the same Day you return'd from Pavia*, thereby reproaching him with the Disgrace he receiv'd when he was made Prisoner by the *Spaniards* before that Place. A Man must be as powerful and formidable as a King, to dare to tell a Woman *She is not handsome*, and not to fear her Resentments. The Women hear no Raillery upon *that* Subject. And do they not seem to have reason to expect at any rate to be thought Handsome, since that's all the Men have left 'em? For, they have no Government, no absolute Authority, no Cure of Souls, no power in the Church, no possession of Offices, no admittance into Secrets, no application to Sciences. The *Athenians* wou'd not suffer 'em to market for any thing beyond the worth of a Peck of Pease. Nay, it seems as if
common

common Sense wou'd be deny'd 'em too, by our ridiculing 'em when they offer at it, with the Names of *She-Wits*, *Won'd-be-Wits*, *Finical*, *Affected*, *Precise*, &c. Let us therefore leave 'em *Beauty*, and if they have no such thing, let us at least leave 'em in the pleasure of Believing they have.

A Digression.

THE *Spaniards* have in their Manners the Seeds of Cruelty, which they hold of the *Arabians* and *Moors*, who are mixt with 'em. They hold also of the *Moors* their Extravagancy, and the Spirit of Chivalry. There remains to 'em also something of the Gravity of the *Romans*, of whom they anciently receiv'd Colonies in their Country.

The *French* have nothing now of the Ferocity of the *Gauls*. Gallantry with them is mixt with Bravery; and within an Age or two, they have refin'd

fin'd themselves very much by their Commerce with their Allies.

The *English* still retain something of the Roughness of the ancient People of the *North*, which they soften a little by their Travels into *Italy* and *France*.

The *Dutch* quit their natural Grossness, by trading with other Nations, and by the Converse of learned Foreigners who come to settle with 'em.

The *Italians* have inherited of the ancient *Romans* Politeness and Fineness of Spirit; and have taken from the *Greeks* their Corruption of Manners, Lying and Cheating.

The *Germans* are the only People of all *Europe*, who have remain'd the most in their Constitution without any Change. They have yet the Strength and Courage of their Ancestors: Their Heaviness of Soul joyn'd to invincible Labour, which appears principally in the Exercise of Sciences and Letters.

The

The *Dutch*, in general, may be compar'd to their own Turf, which is long in kindling; and must not be hurry'd; but when once kindled, keeps its Fire.

The *French* are extreemly given to Swearing and Cursing, especially the meaner Sort, and exceed ev'n the *Scotch* in their Variety of Oaths and Execrations.

A Man of Quality, in *France*, had a Coachman, a great Swearer, but in truth, more thro' *Habit* than *Malice*.

This Coachman had accustom'd his Horses so much to his Oaths, that they wou'd stand stock still when he spoke any other Language. The Mr. had taken notice of him, and chid his Coachman severely; the Fellow was amaz'd at a Fault he did not believe himself guilty of, and, *The Devil fetch him if he ever swore, and that it was some Pick-thank or other, G---d d----n him who had rais'd that Report of him to do him a diskindness*—— As one Warning did not suffice to correct a long Habitude, he was told of it several

veral times, and at last was made to agree that he did swear *sometimes*, and his Master was upon the point of turning him away. The *Coachman* began to refrain from *Swearing*, and the *Horses* from *Working*. In short, one Day that his Master was invited to a Ceremony of making a Vow, there was a Friend of mine (an Officer) invited also. The Ceremony being ended, there was a great number of Coaches at the Church-door. The Master and Officer having got into theirs, the Devil a bit wou'd the Horses stir. At length the Coachman weary with *Tapping*, turn'd towards his Master, *Sir*, says he, *if I don't swear I'm sure you must lie here to Night, for by G---d the Horses will as soon be damn'd as---* No sooner was the Word out of his Mouth, but away flew the Horses with the Coach, and, I think, overturn'd two or three others that stood in their way.

In *France*, as in *England*, Council is sometimes allow'd to Criminals to defend 'em.

K

A Fellow

A Fellow was taken one Day in the Great-Hall, cutting a Purse. The Court gave him an Advocate to serve him for Council : The Advocate goes to him, and taking him aside, *Hark ye me*, says he, *is it true that you have been cutting a Purse here?* *It is true Sir*, says he, *But, Hold your peace,* (replies the Advocate) *the best Council I can give you, is, to get away hence as fast as you can.* The Fellow took his Advice, you may be sure. The Advocate returns to the Bar, and the Judge asking him what he had to say in defence of the Criminal. *Sir*, says he, *the poor Wretch confessing his Crime, and not being committed to custody, and the Court having appointed me his Council, I thought it most advisable for him to make the best of his way out of Court, which he did without demurring.* It serv'd for Laughter, and there was nothing to be said against the Advocate. The Court should have committed him to the Tip-staves, and they to prevent his escape.

The

The Court of the *Kings of France* is perpetually crowded, at all Times and almost at all Hours. The Courts of other Princes of *Europe* are only full on Holydays and extraordinary Ceremonies, or at the Holding of the States, &c.

It is true there is a Confusion in the Court of *France*, and that it is a perfect Hubbub, where the Great and the small, those who have Business, and those who have none are found *pêle mêle*. *Fran.* I. us'd to say, *That when the great Men of his Kingdom arrived at Court, they were received like little Kings; that the next Day they were lookt upon as Princes; but afterwards they were no more consider'd than plain Gentlemen, being confounded with others in the multitude of Courtiers.* It is pretended, to proceed upon Politics, not to authorize too much the Great Ones of the Kingdom, and that it was upon this ground *Henry the IVth* spoke aloud, and in presence ev'n of the Princes of the Blood, *We are all of us Gentlemen.*

Preachers.

THE Preachers of the 16th Century affected to Cough, as a thing that gave a Grace to their Declamations. *Olivier Maillard*, who was a *Cordelier*, and preach'd with reputation, has not omitted in a *French Sermon* printed at *Bruges*, towards the Year 1600, to mark in the Margin with, *hem, hem*, the places where he cough'd.

The Abbot *Boisrobert*, us'd to say, That an able Preacher ought to know to Cough, to Spit, and to Sneeze a propos; for that it was sometimes a great help to discourse at a Dead-lift.

I remember a certain Preacher so great a Lover of Ceremony, that he never quoted any Father of the Church without giving them the Quality of *Monsieur*, as *Monsieur Austin*, *Monsieur Chrysostom*, which occasion'd one to say, *It was a sign the Preacher had not made the Fathers of the Church familiar to him.*

Another

Another Preacher at *Orleans*, a young Man, of a good Mien, who had a Voice of Thunder, a noble Gesture, and all the other Graces of Declamation which charms the Auditors and keeps 'em attentive, being mounted in the Pulpit, and feeling for his Notes, found he had forgot to bring 'em: To descend, had been shameful; to undertake to speak, he had nothing to say. *What to do in these Extremities?* He resolves to stand buff, and to exercise his Lungs and Limbs, without pronouncing any thing but Words that were imperfect, or disjoyned, such as, *But if, Wherefore, Pass we on, Moreover, My Beloved, In fine, &c.*

Never did Preacher appear to have more Zeal, he cry'd with all his Strength, he made Exclamations, he thump't with his Hands, and stamp't with his Feet, every thing trembl'd under him, and the Roof of the Church, which was a vast one, echo'd back the thunder of his Voice. The whole Auditory was in a profound Silence, each advanc'd his Head, and doubled his Attention to hear *what could not be heard.*

heard. Those who were near the Pulpit, said, *We are too near, there's no Medium for hearing.* Those who were at a distance, complain'd, *That by being so far off, they lost the finest things in the World.* In short, our young *Sham-text* held his Audience three Quarters of an Hour by the Ears after this manner, and retir'd with the Applause of the whole Assembly, who made great promises to themselves of making better choice of their Places next time, *Not to be depriv'd of the Fruit of such a Sermon.*

So in *London*, the Porch of a Church I have seen crowded with People sighing and sobbing at what I'm sure it was impossible to hear one Word of. *Crede quod habes, & habes.* 'Tis *Opinion* governs the World in all things, not only in *Religion*, but *Politics*. And for this I remember a Story of a certain Gentleman who had follow'd Cardinal *Mazarin* a long time for Preferment, and was in much esteem with him too, but without ever bettering his Circumstances: The Cardinal every Day making large Promises of
what

what he wou'd do for him, and the like. One Day he shew'd his Sowerness to the Cardinal, for not ever seeing any Effects of these Promises.

The Cardinal unwilling to lose the Man's Friendship, calls him into his Closet, and after endeavouring to persuade him *of the necessity he had been under till then of bestowing Favours to certain Persons, necessary for the Good of the State*, he promis'd to be mindful of him the next opportunity. The Gentleman who made no great account of his Promises, bethought himself, in lieu of all recompence, to beg leave to clap his Eminence upon the Shoulder now and then *with an Air of Friendship*, before any body; which the Cardinal granted, and in two or three Months time the Gentleman sees himself loaded with Riches, only to give his Assistance with his Eminence, who for all that, granted him nothing but what he wou'd ha' done to any body else, and made himself merry with him at the Folly of those who paid so dear for his Protection. Men are all Cullys; Fancy puts a value upon Things the most Common. He that knows how to
give

give himself an *Air of Importance*, and to set off his *Ware*, may rate the Market as he listeth, and shall find Fools enough to give him his Price.

Their Authors, &c.

IT is a good Token of the Progress of Letters in a Country, when there happen at the same time several Authors to be Originals, which serve for a Pattern to others.

In *France*, within an Age, *Balsac* is an Original for Purity and Neatness of Language, and choice of Words.

D'Ablancour, is an Original for Free Translations, sticking closer to the *Sense* of Authors than to their *Words*. *Vaugelas* is an Original in his manner of handling the things of Grammar. *Chapelain*, in his Judgment of *Cid*, is an Original for Criticism.

M. Pellisson

Mr. *Pelisson*, is an Original for *Fine Prefaces*, which are become fashionable in this Age. He is also an Original in his History of the *French Academy*, which (perhaps) will never have a Continuator of like Merit.

The Duke of *Roche-foucault* is an Original for Memoirs of the Times, as also for the Turn and Expression which is required in Reflexions and Maxims of Morality.

Cardinal d'*Ossat* is an Original for Letters of Business and Politics. *Des Cartes* for Letters of Erudition. *Pascal* for Letters of Critique and fine Raillerie. *Voiture* for Letters of Gallantry. *Bussi Rabutin*, and his Relation Madam de *Sevigné*, for familiar Letters. *Furetieres* is an Original for Allegorical History, correcting Manners *en se jouant*, between jest and earnest. Abbot de *Villars*, or Count de *Gabalis*, is an Original for Dialogue. *Malherbe* is an Original for Poetry, principally for Stanzas. *Corneille* and *Racine* are Originals for Tragic Poems. *Moliere* for Comic. *Quinault* for Opera's or Song-Poetry. *Fontaine* for Nature and Simplicity of Fable. *Voiture* and *Sarasin* for Gallant and Easie Poetry.

L

Despreaux

Despreaux (Boileau) is an Original for *Satyr* purg'd from the *Obscenities* of the *Ancients*.

We have not in our Tongue any Original Authors either for *Great Bodies of History*, nor for *Publick Actions* in the *Pulpit* or at *Bar*, nor for *Epic Poems*, nor for *Ode* in its Perfection upon the *Texture* of the ancient Poets. We have Original Authors who being *abandonnez*, ought not to serve for Model to any body. *Scarron* is an Original for *Burlesque*; but *Burlesque* has lost its Credit. *Regnier* is an Original for *Satyr*; but its *Impurities* ought not to be copy'd. *Theophile* is an Original for *Invention* and *Poetic Fire*: But wanting *Conduct* and *Judgment*, he shou'd not be follow'd. *Balzac* is an Original in his *Letters*; but as he never cou'd reach that true kind of *Writing*, 'tis long since he had *Copyers*. *Cyrano de Bergerac* is an Original in his particular *Style*, but this *Style* is driven too far, and his *Extravagancies* have made him *ridiculous*.

There are lucky Seasons for *Writing*. Perhaps if *Montagne* had come later, and in this Age, he would have shone less. Few People in his time apply'd themselves to write in our Tongue. It must be

he confest however, that *Montagne* in his way is an Original ; and that the *Cavalier-Air* which he affects, is much of the *Taste* of the *French*. This Air consists in following his Fancy, rather than tying himself up to Principles most certain, from whence are drawn Consequences strongly follow'd. In this Humour a Man throws himself upon all sorts of Subjects, *like a Plunderer*, and says, at all adventures, every thing that comes to Thought, risking the good for the bad, and the bad for the good, without too much adhering either to the *one* or the *other*. He talks of every thing, as if he talkt of nothing ; and often of nothing, as of something very important. He *begins* a Discourse where he shou'd *finish it* ; he leaves off in the *Middle*, and then takes it up again, sometimes at the *Head*, and sometimes by the *Tail*. He says nothing of what he promis'd to say, and often says quite another thing from what he thought. The most general Rule in this kind of Writing, is, *to have no Rule at all*, and the greatest Affectation, is, *to affect nothing*. A Philosopher of this Strain speaks ingenuously of himself, his Vices and his Virtues. He speaks of other

People without reserve, or evasion. He calls every thing by its Name. There's very little Modesty, and a great deal of Negligence; but the Writer troubles not his Head about it. His Philosophy gives him *this Constancy, or this Indifference*. He neither *constrains himself, nor any body else*. Religion do's n't perplex him; his Morality is easie; to hear him speak, he sticks not to Pleasures, nor is he but lightly touched with Pain. He takes what *offers* it self, and runs not after what *flies him*. He *lives as he understands, and dies as he can*; and that's all his Aim.

What's *best* in Montagne's Essays, is what he says of the *Passions and Inclinations of Man*; what is the *least*, is the *Learning, which is rambling, and very uncertain*; and what is *dangerous*, are his *Philosophical Maxims*.

Of Mr. Coneille.

To see Mr. de Corneille, one wou'd not have taken him for a Man who cou'd make the *Greeks and Romans* speak so well, and who gave so great a *Relievo* to the Sentiments and Thoughts of Heroes. The first time I saw him,
I took

I took him for a *Marchand* of * *Rouen*: His *outside* had nothing to plead for his *in*; and his *Conversation* so heavy that it became burthensome in never so little a time. A great Princess, who had a desire to see him, and to discourse him, said very well, *That he ought not to be conversed with any where but in the Hotel de Bourgogne*, where there is enough of *Company* besides.

Surely M. de Corneille was too negligent of himself, or to say better, *Nature* who had been so liberal to him in *Extraordinaries*, had as it were forgot him in the most *Common* things. When his familiar Friends (who would have been glad to have seen him perfect in every thing) would sometimes tell him of these light Defects, he us'd to smile, and say, *I'm ne'ertheless Peter Corneille for all that*. He never spoke the *French* Tongue correctly; perhaps never troubled himself about this nicety; but perhaps too he never had *Force* enough to submit himself to it. When he had compos'd a Work, he us'd to read it to Madam Fontenelles, his Sister, who cou'd judge well of it. This Lady had a very just

* The Place of his Birth.

Taste of Wit. Corneille's first Plays were more *lucky* than *perfect*; the last were more *perfect* than *lucky*, and the *middlemost* have merited the Approbation and Praises which the Publick gave to the *First*, more by *Sense* than *Understanding*. The *Criticism* (which this excellent Poet hath made of his own Works) is an *Attempt upon himself*, which hath got him the Love and Esteem of all Men of Honour. Such a Man as the Author of *Moral Reflexions*, who refers every good thing we do, to the Springs of Self-Love, would not fail to apply to him this Maxim, *That we confess small Faults, only to make believe that we have not Great Ones*. But we must needs think *otherwise* of Monsieur de Corneille, who never consulted *Self-Love*, when he set himself to the Exercise of Virtues, wherewith his Fair Soul was adorn'd.

In the last Age there were three Authors obstinately bent upon writing in *kinds* to which their Genius was not at all adapted. Balzac spent his whole Life in writing *Letters*, whereof he cou'd never catch the true Style. Chapelain lost all his time in making a *Bad Poem*. The Abbot de Maroles consum'd himself in
making

making pitiful Translations, nor cou'd the Advice of Friends, nor the Railleries and Censures of Critics, not ev'n that of Monsieur *l'Etang*, ever force from his Mind this cursed Passion. When the good Abbot was at a non-plus to turn any difficult Passages of Authors which he had in his Head, he us'd to write in the Margin these very Words, *Je n'ay point traduit cet endroit, parce qu'il est tres-difficile, & que je ne l'entendois pas.* I have not translated this place, because it was very difficult, and I did not understand it.

Every Wit hath its own Style, and peculiar Grace; and 'tis not a sure Wager, That the same Man shall succeed in one thing, because he succeeds in another.

Balzac had a particular Talent to imbellish our Tongue. *Chapelain* was a very able Critic; and the Abbot *de Ma-roles* had Genius enough to write *Memoirs*, which require only Sincerity and Naturalness: Those he hath given to the Public, were well enough begun, and he wou'd have got Glory by 'em, if he had not gone and lost himself in things of nothing, which neither instruct nor delight the Reader. He had in his Hands Pieces of great Authority, drawn from
the

the *Archives* of the House of *Navarre*, whereof our *Historians* might have made good use, if he had pleas'd to have communicated them.

Besides, when a Man has Success in any Subject, he ought not to drive it too far. As *Grimaces* are made, and *Tears* drawn from the Eyes by much laughing, we also disfigure our selves, and cease to be pleasant, by too much and too often endeavouring to appear so,

*Bornons ici notre carrière.
Les longs Ouvrages me font peur.
Loin d'épuiser une matière,
On n'en doit prendre que la fleur.*

But let us now stop our carrier,
Long Works are frightful. Cease
[we here.

Far from exhausting any Theme,
Skim the Milk and take the Cream,

Is what Monsieur de la *Fontaine* said in finishing his First Volume of *Choice Fables*. Perhaps he had done well himself, however fine his Talent was, to have kept his own Precept, and not gone further.



1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100